

How Dark is My Light?

by Jaya

Category: Secret Circle series

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-16 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-16 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:24:35

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 742

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jessica is convinced she is followed by Death. This is her story/ramblings.

## How Dark is My Light?

Title: How Dark is My Light?

>Author: Jaya<br>Distribution: ask and I will let you...maybe

>Rating: PG<br>Disclaimer: The concept of the Night World belongs to L.J Smith so does Blaise and Grandmother Harman, Jessica and Aunt Rose belong to me.

>Feedback: is the foundation of my universe. At:

jacey111@yahoo.com<br>Summary: Jessica is convinced she is followed by Death. This is her story/ramblings.

>Note: Contains the ramblings of a seriously unbalanced witch, anyone uncomfortable with suicide should go away now.<br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>HOW DARK IS MY LIGHT?

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>I was at my Aunts house for the Summer.

><br>Mummy and Daddy always went on business trips in Summer.

><br>I always hated it.

><br>I would sit in my room wishing Mummy and Daddy would come back soon and take me away from Mean Auntie Rose (or MAR for short.) But they never did.

><br>As I got older, she wished that Mummy and Daddy would come home or die for all I cared.

><br>Or die.

><br>Then the accident happened. The maid ran in at dinner time and fetched MAR. This had never happened before.

><br>Rose ran out with her hand over her mouth, then babbled into the phone, hung up, grabbed her coat and ran out in the pouring rain.

><br>She came back later and grabbed me and hugged me hard, she just kept repeating,

>"Oh my God, I'm so sorry, so, so sorry Jessica."<br>

>"What's wrong Aunt Rose?" I asked worried, MAR had never cried in front of me before.<br>

>"Your parents.....died in a car crash, I.....I.....Had to go and identify the bodies at the morgue." Her lower lip trembled.<br>

>I started to cry. This was all my fault.<br>

>All my fault.<br>

>I had wished they were dead, and now they were.<br>

>My parents are dead and there's nothing to do about it.<br>

>They're dead.<br>

>And now nothing's ever going to be all right ever again.<br>

>\*<br>

>Auntie Rose has sent me to live with Grandmother Harman. Mama said Grandma Harman, her mother is a witch. Like me.<br>

>Auntie Rose thinks I'm mentally unbalanced.<br>

>I don't think she's at all right.<br>

>Lots of strange people come into Grandmothers shop. <br>

>I call them strange because they are not all witches. Some are shape-shifters or Vampires like Auntie Rose.<br>

>They all look at me strangely, I think they know I killed my parents.<br>

>I feel all scrunched up when they look at me. <br>

>It hurts, Oh Goddess it hurts!<br>

>I wish, I wish I'd never made that wish.<br>

>Because now my life has changed.<br>

>\* \*<br>

>NO! Goddess, Grandmother's DEAD!<br>

>What is it about me that makes people die all the time.<br>

>Grandma would never have died if I hadn't brought the stench of death with me.<br>

>Goddess, help me I kill people with my presence, with my very PRESENCE!<br>

>Maybe I should go away.<br>

>Blaise is running the shop now. She said she needed me here.<br>

>But what if I kill her too?<br>

>What if I kill more people.<br>

>If...If I killed myself people wouldn't be dying like they are.<br>

>It's me! All me!<br>

>Why did it have to Grandmother Harman? <br>

>We NEED her, the Millennium will soon be here, and Circle Daybreak isn't ready.<br>

>So not ready.<br>

>I will leave, then Blaise and everyone else will be safe.<br>

>So safe.<br>

>Auntie Rose has been writing to me again.<br>

>She can't see the deaths on my hands.<br>

>Oh, she thinks I'm mentally disturbed.<br>

>Insane!<br>

>Me? Insane?<br>

>Of course not.<br>

>\* \*<br>

>I'll make everything better.<br>

>Soon I will leave this plain and go to Hell.<br>

>That's where all the bad, bad people go right?<br>

>All the murderers like me?<br>

>I'll slit my wrists or hang myself.<br>

>Wait, a boy my age, about seventeen is running towards me.<br>  
>He speaks but I can't hear.<br>  
>I hear but can't understand.<br>  
>He runs and my body locks in a defensive stance.<br>  
>Get out of the way I want to yell.<br>  
>But my witchfire has erratically started and nothing will stop  
it.<br>  
>Then I'm falling, falling.<br>  
>Falling.<br>  
>Will nothing break my fall?<br>  
>I hit the ground.<br>  
>I can see the boy staring at me in shock.<br>  
>Talking but still I cannot hear, much less comprehend.<br>  
>And as I die I lie still and wonder,<br>  
>How dark was my light?<br>  
  
>\*\*\*\*\*  
>Comment? Feedback? Praise? Review? Please.<br>Jaya  
> <p><p>

End  
file.